

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 57. No. 5.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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TUESDAY next, Feb. 4, "FAUST."

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## AUTOCRITICAL NOTES OF A JOURNEY IN A FOG.\*

(Continued from page 19.)

4.

I would fain have devoted my free evening to visiting a theatre, but the only opera then performing which would have interested me, Bizet's charming *Carmen*, with Mme Trebelli, was postponed, and so, seduced by friends of congenial taste, I preferred betaking myself to Hengler's Circus. You will not, I hope, insult me by shrugging your shoulders and turning up your nose. I frankly confess I consider the evolutions of noble steeds one of the greatest possible treats for the eye, though I am also anything but insensible to the evolutions of plebeian ballerinas. I cannot, moreover, help entertaining a respectful admiration for the courage of acrobats, circus-riders, gymnasts, &c. I always think, if our haughty heroic tenors and luxurious prima-donnas had to risk their extremities, not to say their necks, every time they botched anything, what a fearful ragout of defective limbs would have to be cleared off the stage after the fall of the curtain! And the English clowns! They are far from occupying so low a position as our German "thinking comedians" imagine. They still extemporise in prose and verse, as in the good old times, with just as much wit as complacency, gesticulating in truly wonderful and always sharply characterised—polyrhythmic, as friend Pohl would say. Clowndom is the culminating point of English histrionic art, properly so called. The clown was found already existing by the great William, who developed him in a literary sense. Shaksperian humour was first rendered clear and intelligible to me by the behaviour of the clowns in the circus and the Christmas pantomime. German comic actors would do well to come to school here. With regard to higher comedy or tragedy, I regret my inability to derive any pleasure from English actors (the American Edwin Booth being, by the way, an exception). They may possibly have flourished some centuries ago. Art-hostile Protestantism radically smothered, however, the noble germs, first tragedy under Cromwell, and then finally, after the second fall of the house of Stuart, comedy also, which had revived during the Restoration (Charles II.). At present Richard III. is acted like a choleric and word-drunken schoolmaster; Othello like a melancholy brute; and Hamlet as a candidate for holy orders. No; give me the Othello and the Hamlet of Herr Alexander Liebe of Hanover, and the Richard of Herr Holthaus of the same place.

*Varietas delectat.* For my remaining concerts in the provinces, I secured the co-operation of a well-trained contralto, Miss Helene Arnim (an Anglicized German). I like accompanying a good singer; besides, the smaller towns in England are not all so "piano-pious" as to be capable of digesting with undiminished enthusiasm two-hours' hammering away "from Bach to Liszt." Miss Arnim sang in Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, &c., Mozart's "Addio," as well as songs by Grieg, Lassen, Liszt, Macfarren, and Schumann, right creditably. But tell me, my dear Herr Senff, how it is that nearly all contraltos are musical, and capable of singing at sight, while high sopranos are so only most exceptionally. On the other hand, they generally have a vice especially hateful to me: an unconquerable partiality for dragging and drawing, a heaviness of movement, frequently even degenerating into the murder of all rhythmical symmetry. Of this fault my fair fellow-traveller is fortunately thoroughly innocent; she sings Grieg's magnificent songs especially with the progressive animation which, as I know, is intended by the composer. Enough; next week I take part as a rule only in grand orchestral concerts—Liverpool, Manchester—as a visitor, and shall, therefore, again be able to cultivate the so-called *billet doux* key more than it has been possible for me to do in what precedes.

Liverpool, 3rd December.

I would have given a great deal last Saturday had I been able to get out of my Recital in Brighton on that day! Simultaneously with it, Berlioz's Harold Symphony was performed at the Crystal Palace for the first time, and I should dearly have liked to hear it once more after fifteen years had elapsed without my experiencing that pleasure. I have been told to my great delight that the work met with an unexpectedly warm welcome, and that Herr Manns, the conductor, deserves high praise for the careful manner in which he got it up. I express all the more readily my appreciation of

what Herr Manns has done lately (in preparing the performance of Raff's "Waldsinfonie," Massenet's "Erinny's," &c.), because in the notices of my travels a year since I expressed myself negatively about him, being especially spurred on to do so by his attack, a model of self-complacency, on Wagner's conception of the Ninth Symphony. "Manns contra Wagner," like "Deppe contra Joachim," is really, from the most liberal point of view, only to be characterised as a case for the police! As far as I am concerned, a man may decline to learn from a master, but to expose this evidence of immaturity in the form of an attack on that master—is rather too much of a good thing.

Brighton, celebrated for its mild sea air, its grandiose Aquarium, and as the residence of Herr W. Kuhe, as fond of, as he is successful in, enterprise, supplies—through its numerous boarding-schools—at pianoforte performances a young public, as numerous as attentive, whose acquaintance I have always experienced great satisfaction in cultivating through the medium of my grand. On the present occasion I have brought away with me a terrible memento, which will faithfully accompany me back to Hanover: a splendid cold. Just picture to yourself the glowing heat of gas on your right and on your left an icy-current of air, through an organ occupying all the back of the hall! Had I not been interested in the programme, I should have been unable to bear such a state of things for two hours. *Ad vocem*: programme, I think I can recommend as practical to my colleagues the stringing together of certain interludes by means of which I am accustomed to connect two more important works. I first play Sarabande, Minuet, and Gigue, in F major (Bach); Minuet and Gigue (Rameau); and, finally, the grand G minor Gigue by Handel. This looks "monotonous," but is amusing for the auditors from the contrast of German, French, and English style. Yes, Handel's piece may be designated "Great-Britannic." It has a weight and dignity of the same stamp as the national character of the Islanders; there lurks in it that peculiar something which Prince Bismarck with regret missed in a representative, or misrepresentative, of his policy abroad, and which he characterized as "rocket-composition," as Busch informs us, I., 358.

Halt—I have something instructive to add with reference to my last recital in London. Some friends of mine advised me to give up the practice—"because it was so peculiar"—of laying a programme upon the note-holder. Accordingly, that is, because I had not looked at the bill, I made the mistake of playing, instead of Chopin's second Impromptu, Op. 36, in F sharp, the third, Op. 51, in G flat. From sundry movements among the audience, I soon remarked there must be something amiss, but, as I had begun the "third," I naturally went on playing it to the end. During the applause usual here, I felt in my side pocket for the programme and became aware of my constitutional want of memory. What could I do but *sans phrase* give No. 2 into the bargain? This afforded a well-meaning reporter\* an opportunity of praising the clever interlude by which I had effected the modulation from G flat to F sharp major. It is said to have been the same reporter who, having on one occasion, in the finale of Rubinstein's *Ocean Symphony*, heard a professional neighbour carp with puritanical zeal at the parallel of fifths, C sharp minor—C major—as though Franz Schubert had not previously made free to use them—thereupon in his notice mentioned an "offensive *Decimen* succession," in the belief that he could eke out his musical ignorance by literary amplification. (In English it is still more naïf: fifth and tenth.) You perceive, my dear Herr Senff, that the Midases of musical criticism are not monopolised by the continent.

Yesterday (Monday) evening, in Birkenhead, I played, among other things, Hummel's Septet, a fresh cabinet-piece full of life, which the specific pianist is not the sole person bound to admire. It is perhaps the most felicitous specimen of the admixture of two styles of art, namely, the concert style and the chamber style, which musical literature has to show, and among recent composers Joachim Raff is the only one who has attempted anything like it. The execution was—tolerable. The horn player, however, diffused around him a strong odour of mortality, or, to put it more plainly, of whisky. In consequence of this, he saw his notes only half, but the pauses, fortunately, double, so that we were spared sundry notes, and I was able to mark in my part the most important points where he had to come in. I must mention in terms of praise an

\* From the *Signale*.

\* Sic in original.



American lady, Mrs Osgood, for the taste with which she sang her songs (Mozart and Mendelssohn); she afforded fresh corroboration of my good opinion as to the artistic capabilities of the fair sex on the other side the ocean. Birkenhead itself is built more in the American than the English style; it is a considerable town, and separated from Liverpool only by the river Mersey, here exceedingly broad, and traversed by a steam ferryboat every ten minutes. The sister towns stand towards each other in the same relative position as New York and Brooklyn.

HANS VON BÜLOW.

#### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

On Monday evening Mr Carl Rosa opened Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of English opera and opera in English. Last year he removed from the Lyceum to the Adelphi, and now, taking a bold flight, he is at the "old house in the Haymarket." We are sure that everybody wishes him well there, and desires for him, in that position, "long continuance and increasing." Why are we certain of this? Because Mr Rosa has earned universal respect as a conscientious servant of art rather than as a mere trader in the public entertainment. The question with him has never been, "How little will satisfy the public?" but always, "How much does opera require?" Satisfied with regard to the "how much," he has provided it; and deserved the success nobody in his position can absolutely command. Our public may not yet be educated up to the matured intelligent worship of aestheticism, but they know when an artistic man means well, and respect him for it, and that is why Mr Carl Rosa opens Her Majesty's Theatre to the sound of a general "God speed you!" We should be glad to believe that many amateurs look upon his enterprise with the more favour because he guards the interests of opera in our mother tongue. Unfortunately there is a question whether anybody greatly cares about opera in our mother tongue. As respects the lyric drama, whatever may be said by gentlemen who write to the newspapers concerning drama which is not lyric, we are out of the race, and seem to have accepted the situation with the equanimity often bestowed by compensating nature upon men who are doomed to be beaten. But, this apart, the fact remains that we are all with Mr Rosa, and that his house-warming to-night will derive not a little of its geniality from good wishes.

Looking at the *répertoire* of the company, we find twenty-nine operas, and three more to be particularised directly. Among the twenty-nine are, of course, a number of stock words, such as *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Faust*, without which no list would be reckoned complete. Among them, also, are some that have been added recently, and that still give forth an aroma of freshness. *Jocunde* is not a great thing, but would be welcomed by admirers of old-fashioned grace; *Giraldia* would make new friends; *The Golden Cross* would glitter with a genuine radiance in many eyes; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* would find plenty to laugh at that "globe of sinful continents" Jack Falstaff; and the lovers of sensation would hear music in the hustle and storm of the *Flying Dutchman*. Mr Rosa's repertory, therefore, is strong without the additions referred to above; but with them it is infinitely stronger. The programme for the week has comprised Wagner's *Rienzi* (first time in England), *The Lily of Killarney*, M. Guiraud's *Piccolino*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. These are to be followed by an English version of the inevitable and always welcome *Carmen*. Turning from programme to performers, we find many artists who have long been attached to the company, as, for example, Miss Gaylord, Miss Yorke, Miss Burns, Mr Maas, Mr Lyall, Mr Packard, and Mr Szazelle. Others are more or less recent accessions; among them, Mme Vanzini, Mme Crosmont, Mme Dolaro, Mr Walter Boyton, Mr Henry Pope, &c. The orchestra, always excellent under Mr Rosa, comprises sixty players, led by Mr Carrodus; the military band is that of Mr Fred Godfrey; Mme Katti Lanner directs the ballet; and the work of conducting will be shared by Mr Rosa and Signor Randegger. Thus, well equipped at all points, the venture set forth on Monday night justifies a hope for the favouring breeze of public appreciation and support.—D. T.

#### RIENZI.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Jan. 27.)

Managers are usually satisfied to open with some opera that everybody knows, but Mr Rosa begins, as already stated, with a work which, though composed forty years ago, has never yet been heard in this country. Seeing that the composer of *Rienzi* is Richard Wagner, and in view of the immense interest excited by that master's works during many years, it may appear surprising

that, while our managers have brought out *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, they have neglected the predecessor of them all. The fact, however, becomes intelligible, and even reasonable, when we reflect that *Rienzi* does not illustrate the theory of lyric drama by which Wagner is chiefly known. Its connection with the doctrines that have set musical Europe in flames, and fomented a strife which bids fair to last much longer yet, is barely traceable; while, on the other hand, it almost ostentatiously asserts connection with a school of which we possess better examples. Still, even on account of its author, *Rienzi* is interesting—the only man in the world, perhaps, who would dissent from this assertion being Wagner himself. The master, we doubt not, looks upon *Rienzi* and all other his early productions with the wonder and horror felt by religious age when contemplating its own sinful youth. Strictly speaking, there is no reason whatever for him to do so. The miracle of Minerva's birth belongs not to our time, and every intellectual or artistic giant must develop from puny proportions, and from a condition of dependence upon others. In music this is especially the case. Mozart leaned upon Haydn; and young Beethoven leaned upon Mozart. The only peculiarity in Wagner's case seems to be that he tried one support after another without finding any to suit. He commenced by writing a tragedy in which the characters were so soon killed off that they had to be brought back as ghosts to eke out the last act. Then he took up with orchestral music, and, on his own showing, perpetrated absurdities; then he composed an opera *Die Feen*, in which there was a good deal of Weber; next, he mixed up Auber with ideas of his own in *Das Liebes-verbod*; and, lastly, in view of a descent upon Paris, he copied Meyerbeer and Spontini for the spectacular *Rienzi*. Like most men at some period or other in their lives, he was all this time groping about for his true vocation, which he might never have found had fortune smiled upon one or other of his tentative efforts. "We almost shudder," feelingly observes an admirer, in thinking of the fatal consequences which a great success might have had on Wagner's creative power. The shuddering of this disciple is probably a special experience, but all must see that popularity as an imitator of other men would have involved a risk of remaining in that position. While, however, Wagner's youthful weakness, as he would regard it, entails no disgrace, it naturally causes annoyance. No man can be indifferent to the fact that he has himself committed the offences for which he rails at others, and a malicious opponent of the master would certainly derive much genuine satisfaction from studying *Rienzi* in the light of subsequent pamphlets. Hardly an offence condemned in the pamphlets is not committed in the work that preceded them, and when Wagner ridicules the historical opera as appertaining chiefly to scene-painters and stage tailors, when he scoffs at the introduction of religious music to give stale, flat, and unprofitable lyric drama a flavour, and when he likens Meyerbeer to a starling merrily following the ploughshare, devouring worms it had not itself unearthed, we think of *Rienzi* and smile. Let us, however, regard the music as representing a stage in the master's development, rather than a conspicuous example of the inconsistency that enters into the career of every progressive man.

The history of *Rienzi* need not take long to tell. Influenced by sympathies which afterwards led him to the barricades, Wagner was strongly impressed by Bulwer's *Rienzi*, and, at Riga, in 1837, he founded an opera-book upon the novel, for the first time uniting the functions of poet and composer. Two acts of the music was written when he sailed for England, en route to Paris, the city of promise to all needy musicians with lyric dramas in their pockets. After a stormy voyage, during which, it is said, Wagner picked up ideas for his *Fliegende Holländer*, the master reached London, and, passing through Boulogne, called upon Meyerbeer, who looked at *Rienzi*, and kindly gave the composer letters of introduction to influential friends in Paris. Whether Meyerbeer would have done this could he have foreseen the "starling," and by anticipation, heard himself described as the "weathercock of operatic weather in Europe, twisting and turning about with every change of wind," is doubtful, the only thing certain being that Meyerbeer's obliging act did not prevent Wagner's lampoons. In Paris the master obtained a hearing neither for *Rienzi* nor the *Fliegende Holländer*; so, after twenty-four months of fruitless struggle, he sent the score of the earlier opera to Dresden, where it was accepted, performed (1842), and received with immense applause. Beyond this point we need not trace it. Let us add, however, that the English musical journals of 1842 made no mention, as far as we can discover, of the production of *Rienzi*, thus acting in accord with the negligent spirit which has since, for thirty-seven years, overlooked the work. The story of *Rienzi* is laid out by Wagner on the grandest scale. Beyond the hero himself there is little of the individual in it, and he

is conspicuous chiefly because standing in front of a crowd. The libretto deals with the fate of a mighty city, with the rise and fall of "causes," with conflict and victory, with the anathemas of a church, the worship of a deliverer, the abasement of a popular idol, pompous processions and palace-burnings. Throughout its course we rarely get away from a crowd, or beyond hearing of trumpets, cheers, and execrations. Love enters into the story scarcely at all, and, as far as it goes, is scarcely distinguishable from passion. Love, indeed, would be out of place amid these scenes, and we have to content ourselves in its absence with spectacle and strong dramatic situations of such sort as, according to Wagner, can be effected in historical opera by means of "lay figures, stage painters, and costumiers." *Rienzi*, however, makes up for all things lacking by its exciting character. Let the stage-manager, scene-painter, and costumer do their work well, the opera will answer for the rest, and as surely command spectators as a State ceremonial. But enough of general remarks, since the plot must needs be described. The curtain first rises upon the exterior of Rienzi's house, whither a gang of the licentious Roman nobility, headed by Orsini, have come to carry off his sister Irene. As they are about to do so a rival party, headed by Colonna, appears, and the usual squabble ensues, Adriano, son of Colonna, meanwhile defending Irene from insult. Presently a crowd gathers and separates the belligerents, whom Raimondo, the papal legate, enjoins to live in peace. Colonna defies the legate, and the mob would avenge him; but Rienzi interferes, and is obeyed. Hearing the attempt upon his sister's honour, Rienzi passionately denounces the tyranny of the nobles, the people cheering and their oppressors uttering words of scorn and contempt. After the nobles have departed Rienzi addresses the crowd, supported by Raimondo, and the scene ends with a general understanding that a blow shall be struck for liberty. Left alone with Irene and her champion, Rienzi unfolds his scheme of vengeance. For a time Adriano is disposed to stand by his order, but his interest in Irene prevails, and he swears to help make Rome free. Anon there is general excitement in the city. The people gather, singing patriotic songs; the churches echo with hymns of devotion to the cause, and Rienzi is brought forth by the legate as their leader. Received with acclamation, the tribune makes a stirring speech, and the curtain falls upon general enthusiasm. The second act opens in the Capitol, whither certain messengers of peace have come to Rienzi from the Roman states. The tribune, with his lieutenants, Cecco and Baroncelli, and attended by the Senators, receives them, subsequently offering up a prayer for "Rome and right." Then the nobles make unwilling submission, and afterwards concoct a plan for Rienzi's assassination. Adriano overhearing, tries to dissuade them, but is repulsed with scorn as a traitor. Preparations are now commenced for a grand *fête* in honour of the revolution. More patriotic speeches are delivered, and such is the universal joy that when Adriano warns Rienzi of the death in store for him, he takes no heed. But the nobles are terribly in earnest, and, at the conclusion of the ceremonial Orsini tries to stab the tribune. At once the malignant band are secured, condemned, and led forth to execution. But they are not without friends. Adriano and Irene plead for mercy, as the strains of the "Misereatur Dominum" are heard from without, and the people clamour for vengeance. Eventually their plea prevails, the nobles are pardoned on condition of swearing allegiance, and the act ends with an elaborate *ensemble*, expressing the varied emotions called up by such a scene. When the curtain next rises it again reveals an agitated crowd. The nobles, with their mercenaries, are in arms at the gates of Rome, and the people clamour for Rienzi, who soon appears, bidding them take their weapons and follow him. Once more patriotism waxes rampant, and the city would be safe indeed if shouting could make it so. But at last the Romans disperse to arm themselves, leaving Adriano a prey to conflicting emotions. He accuses the absent tribune of working all the mischief that has befallen Rome, and finally, preferring duty before love, resolves to fight on his father's side. The Romans re-assemble, a hymn of war is sung, and the tribune is about to head the march, when Adriano begs that he may act as mediator between the conflicting parties. His prayer is denied, and the soldiers depart to meet the foe. Amid the noise of distant battle the women and children pray, and Adriano entreats Irene to let him depart. The engagement is soon over. Rienzi comes back triumphant, amid songs of welcome, to announce that Colonna and Orsini are killed. Hearing this, Adriano invokes woe upon the tribune's head, but no notice is taken of the lad, and another patriotic chorus ends the act. The opening of the fourth act bodes ill to Rienzi. The people are suspicious of his intentions, and troubled by the desertion from his cause of the Papal legate. Of this Adriano takes prompt advantage, and so stimulates discontent that a cry arises for the tribune's downfall. It is determined to kill him on the steps of the Lateran, but when Rienzi approaches to enter the church he so speaks to his disaffected colleagues that they

shrink away in shame, and openly declare their fidelity. Adriano, seeing this, is about to draw his dagger, when the church doors are thrown open, and Raimondo, with the priests, begins to curse, ecclesiastically, the very man he had lately blessed. In a moment the people shrink from their chief and disappear; while the clergy, having anathematised sufficiently, retire, and shut the doors with a bang, leaving Rienzi with his sister upon the steps. Adriano, approaching, would tempt the girl from her brother, but she clings to him, and the curtain descends as he murmurs, "Irene, thou art my Rome." The last act opens in a hall of the Capitol. Rienzi, alone, prays for himself and Rome, and expresses, in an interview with his sister, his undying patriotism. As he retires to make one last appeal to the people Adriano enters and again seeks to entice Irene away; but she remains firm, nor flinches when the noise of an angry mob is heard from without. The scene now changes to the exterior of the Capitol, where a multitude cries for vengeance upon Rienzi, who appears on a balcony dressed in his armour. He speaks to the people, but they howl him down, and fling torches into the building. Soon flames begin to spread. By their light Rienzi and Irene are seen locked in each other's arms. The crowd hurls stones at them, and as the Capitol sinks in fiery ruin the nobles turn upon the wretched mob with sword and spear. So ends the work, and we leave the reader to judge whether it is sufficiently sensational.

Particulars with regard to the music we must reserve, but some general observations on its character will not be out of place here. Let nobody expect to find in *Rienzi* more than a few germs of what we know as distinctively Wagnerian art. Here and there a broad, flowing, and long-drawn melody suggests *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, while occasionally an orchestral or harmonic passage shows that, even when composing this early and imitative work, the master had begun to devise ways and means of his own. But these things are as drops compared to the ocean of music in *Rienzi* which was evidently inspired by the traditions of "grand opera" according to Spontini and Meyerbeer. Here we have the same love of pompous and elaborate *ensembles*, the same sustained intensity of style, the same partiality for noisy effects, and the same wealth of strongly-marked, though often coarse or common-place, tune. We must not look narrowly into the construction of the music, any more than we may nearly approach the *chef d'œuvre* of a scene painter; nor in the one case more than in the other, may we judge by the strictest and most refined canons of art. Wagner, like the scene painter to whom he owes so much, wrought for a gas-light display with an excited crowd as onlookers, and hence *Rienzi* is, musically speaking, all show and glitter. But we cannot deny its power. A German critic said of the opera, years ago, that were it produced now by a young man, we should all agree that the composer gave promise of future excellence. Indeed we should, and agree, further, that the promise was rare in kind. In both libretto and music we see evidence of dramatic genius, and quite apart from its connection with an illustrious man, *Rienzi* deserves the hearing which for many evenings to come it is likely to have at Her Majesty's Theatre.

[*Rienzi* was played on Monday night at Her Majesty's Theatre, according to announcement, and Mr Carl Rosa may be congratulated on having opened his season with a grand spectacular success. The audience, no doubt, anticipated a good deal from a manager who never does things by halves, but hardly so much, perhaps, as his liberality and taste provided. Wagner's opera was sumptuously dressed for an introduction to the British public. Its processions were splendid, its scenery admirable, and its costumes and appointments as rich and appropriate as the most fastidious could desire. Moreover, the stage effects, especially the ballet and the burning of the Capitol, called for unqualified admiration, while the stage-manager, Mr Betjemann, may be congratulated upon having animated an army of supernumeraries with something of the life demanded by the busy scenes in which they took part. We cannot, in the time now available, give anything like an adequate notice of a performance so full of interest; but, while reserving further comment, we may state that the more important spectacles were received with unbounded applause, and that Mr Rosa, who had been warmly cheered on taking his seat, was thrice called before the curtain to receive an "ovation." *Rienzi* was repeated on Thursday.]

#### FROM WAGNER TO GUIRAUD.

If contrast be a good thing, Mr Carl Rosa did well to produce on Wednesday, in close succession to Wagner's *Rienzi*, the *Piccolino* of M. Ernest Guiraud. Here is no question of turmoil and tumult, of riot and revolution. Here there are no battles, and only one futile attempt at assassination, in order to increase the *vraisemblance* of a scene laid in the land of braves. Here we follow the destinies

of humble individuals rather than those of rulers and States. Here there is no pomp and only one procession—of innocent village children. Not a single house is burned down, and all the characters introduced to us at the beginning are alive and happy at the end. The change is delightful. Passing from *Rienzi* to *Piccolino*, we feel as though we had escaped from a street fight to a quiet fireside; as though we had run from a stormy sea into the stillness of a land-locked harbour; as though we had passed from the stress of battle to the repose of the bivouac. For alternate performance no two operas could have been better chosen. They are like the arsis and thesis of well-balanced verse.—D. T.

#### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

*Piccolino* was produced on Wednesday night at her Majesty's Theatre, and must have left a general impression that it would be heard to more advantage in a smaller house. The work of M. Guiraud is rather a drama with music than an opera in the ordinary sense of the term, and cannot, without a certain amount of loss, be played upon a stage and in a theatre adapted for the imposing effects of a *Rienzi* or a *Lohengrin*. So shrewd a manager as Mr Carl Rosa must have been perfectly aware of this fact, and would seem to have reckoned upon the inherent merit of the work to carry it through in despite. We are by no means inclined to question his calculation, because we should believe only in the face of absolute proof that our public are unable to appreciate a work of art which is free from "sensation." It is true, no doubt, that the road to favour is specially easy for operas made impressive by vastness of design, magnificence of spectacle, and strength of incident. But it would be humiliating to know that a simple story told with humour or pathos, and illustrated by music thoroughly in keeping, has no charm. To this we have not yet come, and, if any doubt existed on the point, the fact that three encores and liberal applause were bestowed upon M. Guiraud's music must have dispelled it.

We have nothing to add to or take from the estimate of *Piccolino*, which has already been given in these columns. Our admiration for the story remains unaffected by seeing it in action. It is a pretty story, full of strong human interest, and, while not wanting in varied and vivacious life, animated by tender and touching sentiment. In a *blasé* age like this, when men think it "good form" to laugh at sentiment, and affect indifference to every feeling that does not tend towards a breach of the Decalogue, some of the scenes in *Piccolino*—notably those in the house of the Swiss pastor—may appear risky. But liability to a sneer is, perhaps, conclusive evidence of purity and beauty; at any rate, we believe the compliment of such ridicule to be well deserved by *Piccolino*. M. Guiraud's music gains largely, as might be expected, from its orchestration. The composer obviously wrote for a smaller house than Her Majesty's Theatre, in the ample area of which many of the delicacies of the score are lost, while the *ensemble* appears unduly weak. But the hand of a tasteful musician is everywhere as apparent as a true artist's fancy and feeling. M. Guiraud fails, it is true, when he has to deal with strong passion, the depths of which the plummet of his art cannot sound. Hence he never, to employ a common and convenient locution, "carries one away." But he can reflect feeling if not intensify it, and be sportive or pathetic, graceful or grotesque, with ease and success. Several of the numbers were extremely well received, and three—the serenade, with vocal accompaniment, in imitation of a guitar; the trio, "Dark the eyes whose sparkling brightness"; and *Piccolino's* song, "Sorrento"—were encored.

As the opera had been performed in Dublin during Mr Carl Rosa's tour, most of those engaged upon it were familiar with their work, and to this fact was due a representation singularly free from "hitches." All went smoothly; and as the various scenes were put upon the stage with great attention to detail and in a liberal manner, it would be hard to reasonably find fault. That the artists, as a rule, exhibited the common defect of the English lyric stage, and could not act as well as they sang, will be taken for granted. But there were conspicuous exceptions. The Marthe (*Piccolino*) of Miss Gaylord, for example, was well considered, sympathetic, and effective—like every effort, by the way, of this clever young lady. A better representative of the part, or one more able to satisfy the composer as well as the playwright, would not be easy to find. She was frequently applauded in testimony of hearty and deserved admiration. Mr Charles Lyall, as the amateur, Comète, should also be placed among those who helped the life and interest of the drama. Mr Lyall never fails to individualize the part he undertakes, and his Comète was a real creation, consistent with itself from first to last. The same may be said of Mr Denbigh Newton's Duca di Strozzi—a secondary character, but one not easy to embody with perfect propriety. Miss Georgina Burns, as the Countess Elena, sang with marked effect, and showed so great an improve-

ment upon her last year's work that much may be hoped from her future. Misses Giulia Warwick, Mary Duggan, and Ella Collins, Mr Leslie Crotty (Musaraigne), and Mr Snazelle (Annibal Tourteau), should also be mentioned as having rendered good service. The representative of Frédéric was Mr Packard, who, unfortunately, could not do himself justice owing to indisposition, though he brought earnestness and intelligence to his work. On another occasion, doubtless, he will more fully justify the selection made of him for so important a part. We have only to add that the chorus again showed good stage training, as well as musical efficiency, and that Mr Rosa conducted with unflinching carefulness and success.—D. T.

As a matter of course, where English opera is the standing fare, Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* is not long neglected, for the popular composer's tuneful setting of the *Colleen Bawn* has won a place in the general estimation second to no work written to an English libretto. The cast on Tuesday introduced once more the best Eily O'Connor that has been seen for many years—Miss Julia Gaylord, who played the part with charming simplicity and tenderness, and sang with greatly increased power. Mr Packard, who has so often played Hardress Cregan with Mr Rosa's Company in London and the provinces, resumed the part, and was excellent so far as singing went, though he still wants ease and purpose as an actor. A new Danny Mann was forthcoming in the person of Mr Leslie Crotty, a baritone, with a pleasant voice, well trained, but weak in its lower register; for which, however, compensation is made by the quality of the higher tones. Mr Crotty gives a fairly good idea of the character, and is certainly a useful acquisition. Miss Yorke as Mrs Cregan and Mr Lyall as Myles-na-Coppaleen are in the old places which they fill so admirably. Miss Giulia Warwick, who made her reputation at the Opera Comique, finds suitable employment as Ann Chute; and Messrs Leahy and Snazelle do good service as Corrigan and Father Tom. With Mr Rosa to lead, it must be unnecessary to say that the orchestra did its work most admirably.—D. T.

#### BURNS'S COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

We have remarked, in connection with the introduction into England of a German symphony by a French concert-giver and artist, that there is no such thing as nationality in music. This was reckoning without the Scotch, the Irish, and the English. One might even add the Welsh; for when on a famous occasion Mdle Albani sang "God bless the Prince of Wales" at the Royal Italian Opera, did not the composer of that anthem write to the newspapers pointing out that never before had "Welsh music" been sung at an Italian operahouse? A great deal of so-called Scotch music was sung and played on Saturday night at St James's Hall; and most of the pieces performed were undoubtedly worthy of their designation. The bagpipe music, of which specimens were presented during a sort of *entr'acte*, was Scotch "with a vengeance." So also were a good many of the very numerous ballads comprised in the programme and allotted to some of the most distinguished vocalists of the day, such as Mrs Osgood, Mdme Patey, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Thurley Beale. A list of the pieces performed, with comments upon each, would probably be tedious. All the most celebrated Scotch airs, including several which Mr William Chappell does not accept as genuine, were to be heard; and the greater part of these were so much liked by the audience that they had to be repeated. Mrs Osgood, Mdme Patey, Miss Helen D'Alton, were all encored, and either gave a second time the airs assigned to them or substituted others. The precise difference between an "encore" and a "re-call" is not easy to determine. In practice, however, it depends very much on the view taken of the matter by the artist applauded and called back to the platform. Mr Sims Reeves is always encored. Indeed, the audience, if it could have its way, would keep him singing the whole evening. But sometimes he accepts, more often rejects, the demand for repetition. On Saturday evening, however, a triple "re-call" had the effect of making him repeat the last verse of the "Macgregors' Gathering," which he had sung with infinite spirit. Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, Mr Thurley Beale were all called, re-called, encored, or otherwise honoured with special marks of approbation. The instrumental portion of the concert was divided between Miss Bessie Richards, who has gained for herself a recognized position among the best pianists of the day, and some pipers of the Scots Guards, who wandered mysteriously beneath the platform, and then, emerging into the gaslight, made night hideous and Scotchmen enraptured by their wild performances. The only novelty of the evening was an arrangement for pianoforte alone, by Haydn, of one of the movements from a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra by John Christian Bach. It had



occurred to Bach, living in England, to introduce into a concerto the theme of "The Yellow-hair'd Laddie"—a true Scottish melody. He was probably unconscious of the fact that by this proceeding he was immortalizing himself. He certainly could have had no idea that upwards of a century afterwards his version of "The Yellow-hair'd Laddie," as treated by Haydn, would, thanks in a great measure to its perfect execution by a young English pianist, awaken the enthusiasm of an audience of music-loving Scotchmen. After the Bach-Haydn piece, Miss Richards plunged into a thoroughly modern fantasia, the "Balmoral" of Jules de Sivrai, which she played very brilliantly and with remarkable fullness of tone. She was much applauded and twice "re-called."—P. M. G.

#### REGNIER AND ROSA KENNEY.

It had been proposed that Miss Kenney should make her first appearance at a small theatre before an audience of friends; but M. Regnier, the famous French comedian, after hearing her recite two or three scenes, was of opinion that she should at once appeal to the general public. "*Jetes-la dans l'eau*"—he wrote in a letter on the subject—"elle sait nager, j'en réponds."

#### A NEW JULIET.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Miss Rosa Kenney's first appearance as Juliet at Drury Lane was a disappointment in at least one respect. Every one knew that she had never been on the stage, and had not been professionally taught. Every one, accordingly, was prepared to make allowance for the awkwardness and inexperience of the novice. But, strangely enough, there was no need for this good-natured forbearance. Miss Kenney followed the summons of the Nurse with an ease and unconcernedness of action as if she had been in her own drawing-room, or, rather, in that of old Capulet at Verona, some centuries ago. It became at once apparent that she had thoroughly identified herself with her part. These two qualities, grace of speech and action, and forgetfulness of self—the one, no doubt, dependent on the other—were the chief features of the performance and the safest guarantee of Miss Kenney's future success. A single part, even such as Juliet, may be acquired; all the "points" may be made, and all the orthodox poses assumed, without a spark of individual genius. But a young lady without experience, who can move on the stage with ease, and who feels and makes others feel the woe of Juliet's story, must be called a born actress. The character of Juliet may be conceived in different ways, according to whether unrestrained passion or the *naïveté* of first youth is made the keynote. Miss Kenney takes the latter view, and is justified in doing so. Her own extremely youthful appearance and slender figure are admirably suited for the part, understood in the quieter and more modest sense. At the same time she was by no means without feeling, and even passion, where the situation seemed to require it. Her first meeting with Romeo, at the ball, was gracefully managed. The balcony scene we should have preferred pitched in a lower and more passionate key. The girl has been confessing her love to the stars, and her maidenly modesty is shocked at the idea of having been overheard by the man of her choice, who is also the enemy of her house. She feels that the die is cast, and that some future doom is impending; her only hope is her love. All this gives an undertone of anxiety and intensity to every word she utters; so, when she interrupts Romeo's vow, by the words—

"O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable!"—

she is not, as Miss Kenney seemed to think, in a half-jesting mood. Being an Italian woman, and in love, her superstitious fears at the evil omen are real—quite as real, for instance, as her self-reproaches on account of "this contract, too rash, too unadvised, too sudden," so well emphasized by Miss Kenney. But, although the keynote of the scene had thus to a certain extent been missed, some points were excellent; especially the asides to the clamouring Nurse were well contrasted with the ardent flow of the love-talk. The leave-taking at the break of dawn in the third act is what musicians would call a variation of the same theme in a still more passionate key. Here, Miss Kenney was fully imbued with the spirit of the situation; and here, also, her excellent training in the rendering of Shakespearian blank verse stood her in good stead, every line being distinctly audible in the vast theatre, and this merely by dint of perfect articula-

tion; for Miss Kenney's voice is not strong. The lines preceding Juliet's taking the sleeping draught were the climax of the performance from a dramatic point of view, and the *debutante* well deserved the unanimous applause which followed. After this scene a flagging of physical strength became apparent, and Juliet's death was less impressive.

More than fifty years ago a young lady of about Miss Kenney's age made her *début* as Juliet at Drury Lane Theatre. Although she was an actor's child, she had never been on the stage, and her father's advice had been her only guidance. These were her feelings during the ordeal:—"I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew, I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play." This was written by Fanny Kemble.—J. K.

#### ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The fifth concert of the eighth season took place last week, when Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was given under the direction of Mr Barnby. The sublime series of choruses, single and double, which constitute this the greatest choral work, afforded, as on several previous occasions, special opportunities for manifesting the excellence of the fine choir associated with the Albert Hall performances. Again, as heretofore, a profound impression was produced by "He gave them hailstones," the long series of grand choruses closing the first part; and in the second part, "Thy right hand, O Lord," and the final triumphal chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord." The difficult duet for two basses, "The Lord is a Man of war," was given, as in several previous instances, by the tenors and basses of the choir, numbering some 400 voices. From an artistic point of view this deviation from the composer's intention may be objected to, but it serves to show the high efficiency and training of the choristers, and was enthusiastically encored. The soloists at the performance referred to were, Misses Anna Williams and Katharine Poyntz, Mdme Patey and Mr Cummings. The duet "The Lord is my strength," by the two ladies first named, was much applauded, as were the airs "Their land brought forth frogs" and "Thou shalt bring them in," finely sung by Mdme Patey—Mr Cummings declaiming "The enemy said," with such effect as to gain an encore. Mr Barnby conducted with his usual efficiency, and the co-operation of Dr Stainer at the grand organ was a powerful aid to the general effect. The next concert is to take place on February 13, when Mendelssohn's *St Paul* will be given.

#### LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The eleventh of Mr John Boosey's ballad concerts took place on Wednesday evening. There was, as usual, a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr Sims Reeves, at his post, in excellent voice and spirits, gave the quaint old ballad, "Sigh no more, ladies" (Stevens), and "The Bay of Biscay," responding to an irresistible "encore" with "The Jolly Young Waterman"—his prescriptive right. Mr Edward Lloyd was compelled to repeat "Oft in the still night;" Mr Santley was encored in "The Tar's Farewell," substituting "The Friar of Orders Grey." Miss Mary Davies being similarly complimented in "The Sailor's Letter," returned and sang "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Madame Arabella Goddard played Liszt's *fantasia* on the skating scene of "*Le Prophète*," with Gavottes by Handel and Rameau, which obtained for her a hearty and unanimous "re-call." Miss Orridge, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr Barton McGuckin, and Mr Maybrick were the other singers. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker, also lent their valuable assistance. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT—"The many admirers of this veteran musician" (says the *Liverpool Daily Courier*), "will be glad to hear that his progress towards perfect recovery is most rapid, and that only the risk of the long journey prevented his appearance at the last Philharmonic Concert."

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

**TWENTY-FIRST SEASON, 1878-79.**

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

**THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON,  
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1879.**

*To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.*

### Programme.

#### PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and  
violinello—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, M<sup>m</sup> L. RIES, ZEBBINI,  
and PIATTI ... .. Haydn.  
RECIT., "Si parlato ha un Dio" (*Sosanne*) ... .. Handel.  
AIR, "Rendi'l sereno al ciglio" ... ..  
Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN.

DIE DAVIDSBÜNDLER, Op. 6, for pianoforte alone—M<sup>lle</sup>  
JANOTHA ... .. Schumann.

#### PART II.

CHACONNE, for violin alone—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA ... .. Vitali.  
SONG, "When thou art nigh"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN ... .. Gounod.  
TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violon-  
cello—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, M<sup>lle</sup> JANOTHA, and Signor  
PIATTI ... .. Beethoven.  
Conductor—Mr ZEBBINI.

**THE ELEVENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON,  
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 1, 1879.**

*To commence at Three o'clock precisely.*

### Programme.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 93, for two violins, viola, and violon-  
cello—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, M<sup>m</sup> L. RIES, ZEBBINI,  
and PIATTI ... .. Spohr.  
SONG, "Spirit Song"—Miss HELEN MEASON ... .. Haydn.  
IMPROMPTU, in F sharp major, for pianoforte alone ... .. Chopin.  
VALSE, in A flat major,  
M<sup>lle</sup> JANOTHA.

QUINTET, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola,  
and violinello—M<sup>lle</sup> JANOTHA, M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA,  
M<sup>m</sup> L. RIES, ZEBBINI, and PIATTI ... .. Brahms.  
SONG, "In a distant land"—Miss HELEN MEASON ... .. Taubert.  
RONDEAU BRILLANT, in B minor, Op. 70, for pianoforte and  
violin—M<sup>lle</sup> JANOTHA and M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA ... .. Schubert.  
Conductor—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of  
Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street;  
Lamborn Cock, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New  
Bond Street; Keith Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria  
Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s,  
50, New Bond Street.

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Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—The "Dirge" will not purge Wellben Benwell of his  
whim. Perish the thought!

### DEATHS.

On January 23rd, at the Cloisters, Windsor Castle, ELEANORA  
GRACE, the beloved wife of Sir George Elvey, Mus. Bac., aged 60.

On January 27th, at Bury St Edmunds, CATHERINE, eldest  
daughter of Mr G. Stimpson, Mus. Bac., Oxon, aged 18 years.

M<sup>me</sup> CHRISTINE NILSSON has once more left London for  
Paris.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

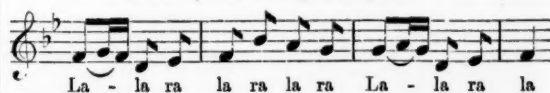
### The Taming of the Shrew.



*Scene—Manager's Sanctum.*

MANAGER (in dun-brown study).—So!—Goetz—Taming of the  
Shrew—Miss Minnie Hauk—Berlin—Carl Meyder—Drury Lane!  
(dreams).

*Voice of Carmen from afar:—*



MANAGER (awakes suddenly).—Minnie! Impossible. She's at  
Boston, U.S., with Colonel Mapleson's rolling stock (*rubs his eyes*).  
No, it's the Telegraph. Let's see. Here's something about a new  
symphony (reads).

### A New Symphony.

"Interesting as were the foregoing novelties, connoisseurs reckoned  
them all as nothing compared with the symphony, in F, of Hermann  
Goetz, the mention of whose name brings with it sadness, and  
almost rebellion against the order of nature. 'Those whom the  
gods love die young,' said ancient philosophy in its efforts to recon-  
cile men to facts which lie beyond the scope of reason; and, till  
this day, the beautiful thought remains a source of consolation.  
We who cherish music and reverence its masters have, indeed,  
cause to adopt it, not, perhaps, for the comfort it brings so much as  
for the pride it justifies. If those whom the gods love die young  
the rulers of the world must be inordinately fond of musicians.  
One after another our masters have been summoned to Hades in the  
very prime of life. One after another 'their sun has gone down  
while it was yet day,' and the survivors have wept as bitterly for a  
faded future as for present bereavement. Bacon truly said, 'He  
that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot  
blood, who at the time scarce feels the hurt,' and it may be that we  
have more reason to mourn for ourselves than for those prematurely  
called away. But the same philosopher also said, 'Above all,  
believe it, the sweetest cantic is *Nunc Dimittis*—when a man hath  
obtained worthy ends and expectations.' How many musicians  
could never sing that 'sweetest cantic'! Alas, for them! worthy  
ends and expectations were scarce visible above the horizon, or, at  
best, came near as an illusory mirage, when they sank and died on  
the road. Such things seem hard to those who think what might  
have been—what might have been had Mozart, and Schubert, and  
Mendelssohn, and many another of worth, though less illustrious,  
reached the 'natural term' of human existence. But the pheno-  
menon is part of a great mystery which life, for certain, cannot  
solve, and about which it is vain to fret. So as to that other com-  
mon experience of great composers—a dark and troubled career, the  
latest example of which we have in Hermann Goetz. Fancy this  
great artist and true poet—for such we now know him to have been



—actually unable, when starting on his career, to find the means of earning bread; glad to compete for, and delighted to win, a poor organist's place at Winterthur; and doomed to spend the last and best years of his short life drudging as a teacher in Zurich. No wonder that, albeit he flashed into fame when surprised Germany heard the *Taming of the Shrew*, Goetz died at 36, or that, like Schubert, he infused into all his utterances more or less of a melancholy that appeals to us as a lament. Justice, however, has been quick to avenge him. Unlike Schubert, his genius had not to wait through weary years for full recognition, nor, even in this country, to slowly force its way, as besiegers, by sap and trench, creep up to the ramparts of a fortress. It may be said that Goetz's early fame in England is due to the chance production of his opera at Drury Lane by Herr Carl Meyder. Let us call the fact an accident if we will, and what then? Accident plays as brilliant a part in the world's history as design, and if, in the drama of English music, Goetz became known through Herr Meyder's 'aside,' so much the more credit to us that his name fell upon acute ears, and stirred enquiring minds. This is certain, at any rate—we have added him to our list of masters, and mean to keep him there. For our resolve we have ample reason, not found solely in his opera and his symphony. Looking at the posthumous works of Goetz, now in course of publication, it is impossible to deny the man's surpassing genius. His psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon'; his pianoforte quintet, in C minor; his *Frühling's* overture, in A; and his pianoforte sonata, in G minor, for four hands are all *hors ligne*, bearing the sign manual of one who wears the crown of artistic royalty. Upon this, however, we need not at present insist. The symphony played last Tuesday, in London, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, and in Liverpool under that of Signor Randegger (in the absence of Sir Julius Benedict), more than suffices for the purpose of vindicating the claims of the composer, and to it our remarks may be limited. We have already characterized it as the noblest, most beautiful, and most artistic work of recent years, and we deliberately claim this high award, on the ground that all the conditions are fully satisfied. What, in the case of an orchestral symphony, are those conditions? The answer is, melodic beauty, lively and pleasing fancy, constructive skill, and wealth of varied colour, each and all of which are found in the work under notice. But, looking at the motto from Schiller, which prefaces it, 'In des Herzens heilig stille Räume Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang,' some one may ask how far it justifies this avowed poetic basis. Such a question must always be difficult when the composer has given no key to his meaning in detail, and here we can put forward nothing but conjecture. That, however, is easy, and we do not hesitate to say that the application of the motto should be limited to the slow movement. But we go further and assume that the *adagio* was originally a separate piece, written to illustrate Schiller's lines. Goetz was fond of thus preaching from a text, and wonderfully happy in his sermons, as those are able to assert who know his six charming and poetical "Genrebilder" for the pianoforte. On the assumption put forward the relevancy of the motto is undeniable, for if ever music declared that men should take refuge from the storms of the world in the holy quietude of their own hearts, the strains of Goetz's *adagio*, now passionate, now reposed, do so 'with most miraculous organ.' But we can afford to ignore the question of poetic basis in presence of the more positive qualities asserted by this *chef-d'œuvre*. As to melody, the symphony is one continuous stream. We may not, perhaps, speak of it as Denham did of the Thames, 'Strong without rage, without overflowing full,' for here and there Goetz becomes a little obscure through the very wealth of his ideas. But this is a fault on the right side, and one the blame of which the composer shares with many an illustrious master. As to fancy, we need only cite the *intermezzo*—a dainty and suggestive piece of work, worthy of Mendelssohn in his most imaginative mood, while in point of constructive skill it would be hard to find anything outside the productions of the greatest musicians equal to the opening *allegro*. Here Goetz manifests a power of developing his ideas not unworthy to be compared with that of Beethoven. Every scrap of his chief themes is utilised and made the source from which spring beautiful and varied sprays of fancy subordinated to a rigid sense of orthodox form. Best of all, the symphony, especially the *adagio*, comes to us as a genuine utterance of feeling rather than a mere scholastic exercise. We know that the composer speaks to us through it from the depths of his nature, impelled by the 'unconscious necessity' of which Wagner makes so great a parade. Hence arises the originality of the music. Any man so moved must needs be distinctive, for minds and souls differ as greatly as faces, and no two are exactly alike. This may account, perhaps, for the occasional strangeness of the master's harmonic progressions, some of which we should not care to defend from an orthodox point of view.

But here, also, Goetz is supported by illustrious precedents, and we well know that the heterodoxy of genius in one generation becomes a common standard of faith in the next. To sum up, this symphony is a great work and a rich possession. Adding it to our artistic treasures, let us not forget the obligation to be just to its dead composer, and to raise to his memory whatever monument a knowledge of all his music may decide upon as worthy."

MANAGER (changing position, assumes an attitude of resolve).—



I'll have it! I'll do it! D. T. speaks like a book, preaches like Savonarola! He has sent me the score of that *Shrew*. I'll tame that *Shrew* (sits down to piano and tries over introduction). Whose hands are those I see before me?



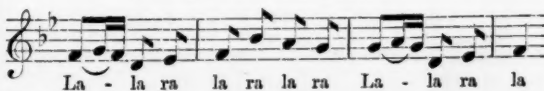
VOICE OF CARMEN FROM AFAR.—Mine! Mine! I am Catherine. Thou art Petruchio. I am tamed! Thou art tamer. Bold and bad Ameer! I am thine, only thine! Witness mine outstretched hands!

MANAGER (in ecstasy).—"O mia adorata Carmen!" (tries to snatch at the hands and kiss them). Du bist —

Hands vanish.

MANAGER (delirious).—Oh! quel rêve—Nachtstraum!—Was? Mein Gott!

Voice of Carmen from afar:—



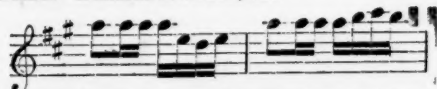
Prisha! Prisha! (voice dies away).

MANAGER (rings).—Ask Mr Troptard to step up.

Enter Troptard.

MANAGER.—Troptard, what's going on downstairs?

TROPTARD.—Rehearsal of Carmen, Sir.



MANAGER.—Ah! I hear. Tell Sig. Randegger, with my compliments, I will conduct Carmen. (Exit Troptard.)

Re-enter Troptard.

MANAGER.—Well, Troptard? What does Sig. Randegger say?

TROTPARD.—Not if he knows it, Sir—it is in his engagement.

[Exit.

MANAGER (*reflectively*).—Not if he knows it? Why, how can he avoid knowing it. In his engagement, too? Ha! Never mind! He sha'n't conduct *The Taming of the Shrew*. Oh! Goetz! Goetz! Goetz! (*Sinks back in easy chair, sleeps, dreams, and talks like one who dreams that he is dreaming.*)

Schluss Folgt.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AT St James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, when re-taking the place he has filled with such ability since the Popular Concerts were begun by Mr Arthur Chappell, twenty years ago, Sir Julius Benedict received, as he well merited, a hearty and unanimous greeting from the audience. The air from *Richard Cœur de Lion*, which Mr Santley sang on this occasion as he had done when the cantata was originally produced at the Norwich Festival, begins as subjoined:—

"My sight can pierce through my prison wall,"  
a line which we all hope and believe may prove as significant as it sounds auspicious.

THE last news about Mr Mapleson's Italian Opera in America was from Chicago.

Mlle FERNANDA TEDESCA, the young and highly promising American violinist of whom we have spoken on several occasions, has been playing with great success at the Paris Société Philharmonique. The *Figaro* and other journals speak of her performances in very encouraging terms.

Mme MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY has returned to Paris, without allowing herself to be heard or seen, except at the first performance of Wagner's *Rienzi* on Monday night. *Fi donc! grande pianiste! Fi donc! petite Wagnerienne gaspillante!*

MR KUHE'S BRIGHTON FESTIVAL.—Brighton amateurs are looking forward with strong interest to the feast of good things which Mr Kuhe ("the Hallé of Brighthelmstone") is preparing for their delight. His ninth festival begins on Tuesday the 11th inst. with a programme more varied, attractive, and fuller of new things than ever. Mr Kuhe is, as far as music (good music) is concerned, a public benefactor. We shall return to the subject in our next number.

THE 16th of January was the fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's *Faust* on the German stage. The great work was first performed on the above date in the year 1829, under E. Aug. F. Klingmann, at the command of the so-called Diamond-Duke, Charles, who lately died in Geneva. This fact will cause the Duke to be remembered, probably, after his legacy to the Swiss city has been long forgotten. The example set by the Brunswick Theatre was followed on the 27th of the same year by the Theatre Royal, Dresden, and on the 29th August next ensuing by the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar: the former under the dramatic direction of L. Tieck, and the latter under that of the author himself, then eighty.



GERMAN papers announce a discovery of much interest to the musical world. The treasure-trove consists of a large portion of the missing works of Johann Sebastian Bach. The discovery was made by Herr Robert Franz. Convinced that the long-lost Passion music and Christmas oratorios might yet be brought to light, Herr Franz commenced a systematic research in every place where the great master had been known to reside. After much fruitless labour, he arrived at the seat of the Witzthun family, and, passing one day down an alley in the garden, noticed that the young trees where they were tied to their supports were bound round with strips of paper to prevent the bark from being scored. A closer inspection showed that the paper bore the beautiful handwriting of Bach, and, turning to the gardener, Herr Franz besought him to say whence the precious MS. had come. The reply was to the effect that in the loft there had been several chests full of the paper, covered with old notes, and as it was of no use to any one he had made it serve instead

of leather for binding up the saplings, adding that he had done so for some time, and found the result highly satisfactory. Herr Franz hastened to the loft, when he was rewarded by finding a chest yet untouched, and filled to the brim with MSS., which on inspection proved to contain no fewer than 120 violin sonatas. His joy was dashed, however, by the certainty that the precious Passion music had long ago gone to bind up the trees, and had irrecoverably perished through exposure to the weather. It is probable that the works now discovered will not be received with such favour by the general musical public as was accorded to the symphonies of Schubert unearthed by Mr Grove, and produced at the Crystal Palace by Mr Manns. Herr Joachim, however, will find in them "fresh fields and pastures new;" while every one who has the least pretence to a love of music must admit the discovery to be one of exceeding interest.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE annual *soirée* of the National Sunday League took place in the Pillar Hall of the Cannon Street Hotel on Monday, January 27. The programme was very long, but evidently not too long for the audience, who wished nearly every piece to be repeated. Many well-known singers gave their services, including Mme Tonnelier and Miss Jessie Bond, the former winning great applause after Ardit's "Il Bacio," and the latter after Mme Sainton's "Marjorie's Almanack." A young pianist, Miss Nina Brunel, pleased every one by her spirited performances of Signor Tito Mattei's "Quatrième Valse de Concert" and Ascher's transcription of his popular song, "Alice, where art thou?" Mr George Eustace, by the bye, won a genuine encore for Balfé's "Come into the garden, Maud." Mr George Arnold accompanied the songs.

Mme NILA GUZMAN's evening concert was held at Langham Hall on Monday the 20th January, on which occasion she was assisted by Miss Catherine Westlake, who sang "The Lost Chord;" Miss Lena Law, who gave "Sleep, dearest, sleep," and "The Lady of the Lea;" Messrs Fulkerson, Prenton, and Jessurun, Mlle Bornewitz, Herr Hause (pianist), and Herr Schubert (violinist). Herr Schubert conducted. The concert afforded general satisfaction.

Mme ZELINI SAIEGHI gave a very interesting evening concert at Langham Hall on Friday, January 24. The following artists appeared: Vocalists—Mmes Saieghi, Zuliani, Meenans Lena Law, Messrs Conti, Beckett, and Langrooth; instrumentalists—Mlle Antonia Zellner (pianoforte), Herr Otto Booth (violin), and Herr Schubert (violinello). Herr Schubert conducted.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 28, a vocal and orchestral concert took place at the Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road, when a varied and attractive programme was successfully carried out. The amateur orchestra of the Schubert Society, under the able direction of Herr Schubert, contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening. The vocalists were Mlle Rudersdorff, who sang "There is a green hill far away" (Balfé) with genuine taste; Mlle Annetta Zuliani, who gave the *bolero* from the *Vesperi Siciliani* and a new song, "The Muleteer's Bride" (encored). Mr Prenton sang with his usual ability, and received an encore for each of his songs. Miss Helen Berti, under whose auspices the concert was given, sang "When the tide comes in" and "The Lady of the Lea" (encored), for which she substituted Mme Sainton-Dolby's charming ballad, "Katie's Letter." The instrumentalists were Miss Banister and Herr Hause (pianoforte), Mr Chapman (flute), Herr Schneider (violin), and Herr Schubert (violinello). Herr Schubert conducted with his well-known experience and ability. The hall was full, and the concert was in every way a decided success.

#### PROVINCIAL.

BATH.—The theatre has been well patronised since "Boxing" night, the great feature of the entertainment being Mr Neebe's second "Christmas offering," entitled, *The Babes in the Wood*. The principal characters were well sustained. The ballet was represented by the Mlles Revere, &c. *Mr and Mrs White* and *One Touch of Nature* have succeeded the pantomime.—S. W. J.

LISCARD.—The third of Mr Carl Heinecke's subscription concerts took place in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The artists were Mme Norman-Néruda (solo violin), Mr Charles Hallé (solo pianoforte), and Mme Billinie Porter (vocalist); Mr Billinie Porter was accompanist. The programme included Beethoven's Sonata in F (Op. 24), for piano and violin; a duet, by Dussek, for the same instruments; Schubert's *Impromptu* in B flat, for which Mr Hallé received a well-deserved encore; and two movements for the violin, which Mme Néruda had to repeat. Mme Porter, too, was equally successful with her songs, and was warmly encored in Rossini's cavatina, "Di piacer."

## MUSICAL JOTTINGS FROM ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I observe that certain English journals argue that the decrease in the number of theatres open for opera this Carnival, as compared with that of past years, must be accepted as a criterion of the decadence of musical art in Italy. Whether this deduction is logical or the contrary, it is not for me to say; but I think that the very general acceptance of operas by foreign composers, even in third and fourth-rate theatres, is worthy of note. A fortnight ago I mentioned, "as a sign of the times," that a large percentage of Italian theatres commenced the present season with an opera by Gomez, a Mexican; I would now further add that, whereas twenty years ago, when there were some 120 theatres devoted to music open in the Peninsula, not more than three ventured to give a work by any but a "native" composer—(Meyerbeer being the sole representative of "foreign writers" in this trio of theatres)—out of the seventy operahouses open this Carnival, *Faust* will be produced at more than half-a-dozen; at eight in the North of Italy alone, the season commenced with either *L'Africaine* or *Donizetti*; *Le Roi de Lahore*, is promised at Milan, Verona, and elsewhere; while *Don Giovanni*, *La Juive*, and *Marta* will each be accorded a hearing before the Carnival is over. Moreover, it is just possible that the good people of Mantua, may have an opportunity of expressing an opinion on "the Music of the Future," the production of one of Wagner's operas there being under consideration; and I hear that one enterprising *impresario* will actually mount Flotow's *Alma*. Enterprise can scarcely go further than this!

Considering the popularity that Verdi still enjoys amongst his fellow countrymen, it is not surprising to find that at quite two-thirds of the theatres now open one or other of his works will be performed; but it is worthy note that whilst those early operas which first made his reputation are, almost without exception, conspicuous by their absence, *Aida* is found on the cartellone of no less than fourteen theatres.

One other significant fact in connection with the arrangements of the present season should not be passed over unnoticed. Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, which three or four years ago was undoubtedly the opera most in vogue, will not be heard this season in half-a-dozen places. Evanescent indeed has been the unaccountable popularity of this work!

Sunday classical concerts at popular prices are now an established institution both at Turin and Milan. At Turin the orchestra, conducted by Pedrotti, is that splendid band of instrumentalists which made so great a success at the Trocadéro Concerts in Paris during the Exhibition, proving that in orchestral playing Italians are not so inferior to their neighbours as had been supposed. The Popular Concerts at the Milan Conservatoire are attracting much attention this winter, and are well patronized. Last Sunday's programme included Lulli's *Menuet du Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Gavotte en Rondeau* (1659); Beethoven's Concerto, Op. 56, for piano, violin, and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments; and a selection from Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*. The Quartet Society, which is also doing good work in the Lombard capital by diffusing a taste for the best chamber music, will, I hear, shortly produce Hermann Goetz's quintet for stringed instruments (C minor, Op. 16). The early death of this promising composer, combined with the great reputation which in a very short time he gained by his opera, will invest the production of this novelty with much interest.

As the readers of the *Musical World* have already been informed, the second opera at the Scala was Auteri's *Dolores*, which achieved, as had been foreseen, one of the most unnecessary failures ever made. Mme Galletti, one of the most legitimate of the few legitimate Italian vocalists still in existence, as also an actress endowed in more than uncommon measure with the qualities which express and kindle emotion, has been so long identified with the title rôle of this opera that any other representative of the character has but little chance of success. Certainly the lady who was put forward on the present occasion had none. The opera was placed on the stage in a haphazard style, and the singers were quite unworthy of the theatre; the only respectable one, Lalloni, the baritone, being, to use a sporting phrase, considerably handicapped by the actually bad or the temporarily inefficient. As a set off against this terrible fiasco, Manzotti's ballet, *Sieba*, produced on the same evening, obtained a

conspicuous success, Mdle Mauri, the *prima ballerina*, fresh from her triumphs in Paris, being received with enthusiasm. It thus seems that so long as *Dolores* and *Sieba* constitute the bill of fare at the Scala, it is not unlikely that (to again adopt the language of the turf) the ballet will "make the running," whilst the opera will be "nowhere."

The following has been communicated to me by an American lady:—

"A real princess is not often seen on the operatic stage; but we have had one, and now it seems that we are to have another. Indeed, the same stage which a quarter of a century ago was the scene of clever little Marietta Piccolomini's first success in England may, before long, be again trodden by a princess; for I hear that one of the artists engaged for Mr Carl Rosa's London season has lately wedded a foreign prince. I only say *may be*; because if the information I have received be correct, it seems probable that the princely domains of her husband will be preferred by the bride—at any rate for the present—to the manifold anxieties and fatigue of an artist's life."

Without wishing in the least to impugn the veracity of my informant, I cannot refrain from expressing an opinion that the above piece of news sounds rather like "tall talk." I must, therefore, leave to my fair friend the entire responsibility of her information.

Very gratifying accounts of the young English lady, who has assumed the *nom de guerre* of Giulia Welmi, have been received in Milan, where, as one of Lamperti's best pupils, she has been well known and highly thought of during the last twelve months. At Lodi, where she made her *début*, she appears to have become a great favourite with the public. The local papers are unanimous in pronouncing her to be a *débütante* of exceptional talent—speaking of her as not only a very accomplished singer, endowed with a voice of beautiful quality, but also as an actress, instinct with that rare gift, genuine dramatic impulse.

At the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, the season commenced most unfortunately—the opera and ballet both failed; several of the singers also being "protested." In the hope of mending matters, the management has engaged two ex-members of Mr Mapleson's company—Signori Bulterini and Castelmarty—for whom *Faust* is to be mounted. The Genoese papers, speaking of their celebrated operahouse, allude to it now as the Carlo In-Felice. Signor Valcheri (*anglice*, Mr Walker) is singing at Modena. The success which attended Bottesini's new opera on its production at Turin has been maintained. Signor Stagno, who, when he was in London, did not quite set the Thames on fire, is reported to be making a *furor* at Rome in *L'Africaine*. Owing to the non-payment of the subscription promised by the municipality of Trani, the theatre has been closed. Rather "hard lines" on the poor artists!

A. S. C.

## GUSTAVE GARCIA.

A correspondent sends us the following communication, which we have much pleasure in inserting:—

"A Cannes, tout dernièrement, par une température de dix degrés à l'ombre (Parisiens, enviez-nous!), on a eu le plaisir d'entendre le baryton Garcia dans un concert organisé par lui avec le concours de Mlle Jarvis, une jeune artiste anglaise, de Mlle Hommey, pianiste du crû et fille du nouveau professeur de solfège au Conservatoire de Paris, et de M. Nigri, violoniste du théâtre municipal de Nice. M. Garcia est toujours le chanteur si distingué que nous avons trop peu entendu à Paris, où il a passé comme un météore, il y a quelques années, sans laisser de trace. Sa voix est toujours des plus exercées et des plus souples; sa méthode est celle de Garcia, c'est tout dire; son succès a été très-vif et mérité. Quel dommage qu'un tel artiste ne se produise pas au théâtre."

The Paris *Ménestrel* publishes a communication to the same effect.

## FERNANDA TEDESCA.

At the concert of the Philharmonic Society, recently given at the Continental Hotel, we listened with very great pleasure to a young American violinist, Mdle Fernanda Tedesca, who played in masterly style a concerto by Vieuxtemps. This exceptionally clever artist will appear in a few days at the Concerts Padeloup.—*Paris Figaro*.

The Gounod Club, Pittsburgh, U.S., gave a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* on the 16th January.



## JOACHIM IN VIENNA.

The great violinist belongs to the small number of musicians whose mere name suffices, as though by magic, to fill the very largest concert-rooms. He had already appeared twice here, but his last concert exerted quite as much attraction as the others. The public flocked in crowds to the house of the Society of the Friends of Music, and every seat was taken in advance. Before he appeared, wreaths were got ready to present to him, and when he at length showed himself he was received with a storm of applause. He applied his bow to the violin, the first sound found its way through the room, and all listened with suspended breath. Nothing new is heard; it is the old Joachim, with his old art and consummate skill. In his case, the virtuoso is in the service of the musician; the highest praise which can be awarded him is simply this: he plays musically. Hereto must be added a moral excellence, so to speak—the earnestness, the manliness, the nobleness of his execution, powerfully exhibited more especially in pathos—Joachim pleases men and impresses women. Such an artist did he again prove himself at his last concert. At the beginning of the programme stood Viotti's A minor Concerto, and at the end Tartini's "Devil's Sonata," as it is termed—both compositions which Vienna had heard Joachim perform repeatedly, but which, rendered by him so beautifully, and so much as a matter of course as to make the difficulties in them mere child's play, exerted a fresh charm. There was a novelty in the shape of a Violin Concerto composed by Johannes Brahms, and rendered by Joachim with the genuine devotion of a friend. It is not written very favourably for the violin, however. It is steeped in feeling, and the most eager desire to express something profound and mysterious is constantly apparent; but the thoughts lie like veils upon one another, and the instrumentation, when every instrument casts a shadow over the others, is but little calculated to raise the unelastic character of the work into plasticity. It must have struck the audience as strange that even in a work by Brahms there were some slight indications of influence exerted by the music of the future. This is no small triumph for the master at Bayreuth, since Brahms, who composed, and Joachim, who played, the work are avowedly opposed to him. The public, however, received the Concerto with nothing more nor less than tremendous applause. After they had again and again recalled the concert-giver, and after the latter had signified by signs that he did not know in what part of the room the composer was, they began to cry out the name: "Brahms!" to rise from their places, and to look about for him they were seeking. When, after long delay, he at length appeared, the thunders of applause burst forth afresh. It was a double success, such as is not often known. This is a fact, an irrefutable fact, but it need not shake the opinion of the critic. —*Fremden-Blatt*.

## THE LATE MR E. S. DALLAS.

Mr E. S. Dallas died on Friday night, Jan. 17, at his residence, 88, Newman Street, Oxford Street. He had been in ill-health for a short time, but it was not until Wednesday evening that any danger was apprehended. Mr Dallas was of Scottish descent, and was born in the West Indies. In early life he came to England with his parents, and became a contributor to the newspaper press. From that time until a comparatively recent period his name was well-known in connection with literature. Among the best known of his works was a book called *The Gay Science*, an essay upon criticism, brought out about ten years ago. Mr Dallas was married to Miss Glyn, but the marriage was dissolved four years ago. Mr Dallas was buried at Kensal Green on Friday, Jan. 24. If all who knew and admired him when he started on his career had witnessed his burial, there would have been a large concourse. He began life with capacities and advantages more than enough to win for him a distinguished place in *belles lettres*, as well as in the work of journalism; capacities and advantages from which a singularly handsome presence, charming manners, and habits of conversation courteously bright, certainly did not detract. And, as a matter of fact, he did a great deal of very good work; good as criticism, most excellent as English. Indeed, few men in our time have written more careful, graceful English than he; and that we take to be a merit well worth recording.

Among those present at the funeral were Mr W. S. Dallas and his two sons, Miss Glyn, Mr Edmund Yates, Sir T. B. Lennard,

Bart., Mr Hugh Mackintosh, Mr Fraser, Mr and Mrs George A. Sala, Mr J. R. Robinson, Mr George McLeod, Mr Lingner, Mr E. Levy, and Mr E. Jennings. The Rev. Charles Stuart officiated. —*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 21, 1879.

## LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the eighth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society the post of conductor, in the absence of Sir Julius Benedict, was filled with great ability by Signor Alberto Randegger. The programme, among other interesting things, contained the symphony in F by the late Hermann Goetz, about which just now all the world is talking. You know my opinion, and I, therefore, prefer submitting to you that of a local critic both about the work and its performance. The subjoined appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Courier*:

"The important item of this scheme was the symphony by Hermann Goetz, performed here for the first time, and its second production in England. Peculiar and somewhat pathetic interest attaches to this work, from the fact that its gifted composer had just attained the first step in the ladder of fame when death prematurely cut short his promising career in his thirty-sixth year. Putting this fact on one side, though, the work produced has grand merits of its own, that at once strike on the ear and impress the mind that no ordinary composition is being given. Genius, undoubted originality, the grandest treatment of instrumentation, abundance of melodic phrases, all develop themselves as the four movements are heard, and stamp the work as one which amongst those of living writers has no superior, if any compeer. Here we have no straining after effect by noise, turmoil, or extravagance; solid music, clear in its intricacies, permeating the whole. The orchestra had a difficult task to perform, not alone through the composition being entirely unknown, but from the great difficulties contained in the score, almost every instrument having music of solo importance to perform. The execution was therefore most praiseworthy, and its excellence must be in a large measure attributed to the pains and vigilant care evinced by Signor Randegger, who in this, as through all the other evenings' work, again displayed all the best attributes of a great conductor."

The foregoing is cited in its integrity, without the alteration or omission of a syllable. So you will observe that the "provincial" mind is no less struck with the high merits of the symphony than the "metropolitan." *Magna est veritas!*

There were three overtures at this concert, viz.: Spohr's *Der Berggeist* (much too seldom heard), Beethoven's *Egmont*, and Hérold's *Zampa*; solos on the violoncello marvellously executed by Signor Piatti, one of which was the sonata in D of Locatelli, recently introduced by the accomplished violoncellist at the London "Pops," and an ingenious fantasia of his own upon Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*; a chorus by Handel, and part-songs by Blumen-thal and Mendelssohn. The leading vocalists were Mdme Trebelli and Herr Behrens, who gave a variety of pieces needless to specify in detail. About Mdme Trebelli the same authority writes emphatically (I quote *in extenso*):—

"Whatever public entertainment Mdme Trebelli is associated with invariably gains all the lustre and brightness such an incomparably great and perfect artist brings with her. This has been repeatedly proved, and last evening's experience again confirmed it, thorough musical enjoyment finding vent in the warmest plaudits attending her every appearance."

A civil word is then given to Herr Behrens, and the article winds up as follows:—

"The *practicals* again gave their allotted numbers with the very best effect, the strictest attention to the lights and shades and variations in time, as clearly indicated by the conductor, having its natural result—a complete performance."

What the *Daily Courier* means to signify by "practicals" his constant readers are doubtless aware. I give it up. You will see, however, that the concert was a very good one, and creditable to the Liverpool Philharmonic Society.

The *Leeds Mercury* announces the death on Wednesday night, January 22nd, of Mr. J. Rogers, the organist of Doncaster parish church. Mr. Rogers had held office for forty-three years, having been appointed in 1835, when he was about seventeen years old.

## THE RECENT NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Norwich Argus," January 18.)

(Concluded from page 55.)

To return to Sir Julius's letter. The £150 paid towards the erection of a new orchestra in St Andrew's Hall is an outlay that never ought to have been borne by the Festival. In their report the sub-committee regret the expense, and that their efforts to arrange with the Town Council for the latter to meet the entire cost were "unavailing." We can scarcely believe that every endeavour in this direction was positively tried. The new orchestra was so thoroughly an intrinsic improvement to the building that the Corporation could hardly have refused the proposition to pay the £150, and, as Sir Julius suggests, charge "future concert-givers with an increased rate for hire of the hall and the organ, until that debt should be wiped out." This item, like other expenses incurred by the sub-committee, appears to have been allowed to pass carelessly by, in that *laissez aller* style which, we fear, characterises most of their proceedings.

The £150 is included in the item of cost of fitting up St Andrew's Hall, which therefore comes to £398 15s. We agree with Sir Julius Benedict that this sum is out of all proportion with the "limited resources" of the Festival. It is all very well for the committee to suppose that without galleries the public will not purchase side and back seats. Has the greater inducement positively brought a degree of additional support proportionate to the large outlay? Can it be shown that more side and back seats were sold in 1878 than in 1875 or 1873? Certainly not. Then we say it was a bold, if not hazardous thing to do, to spend such a sum, knowing the precarious position in which the affairs of the Festival were placed. No doubt the centre of the hall is the part the public will occupy first; if that is filled, they will put up with side or back seats. The late Festival taught us no more than previous Festivals in this respect; but, in the resumption of a fallacious idea, it has had to pay the piper. Why was not something more modest attempted? At a comparatively small cost the side seats could have been slightly raised, and so could the last dozen back seats; people would have been quite satisfied. Instead of which, these enormous and costly galleries—which doubtless made the hall look very nice and extremely comfortable—were re-introduced, and, even allowing £100 as quite sufficient for fitting up the place as we have suggested, £300 were thus thrown away that might have gone to the charities. We simply ask the committee if, in their wisdom, they intend repeating this stroke of policy?

The remaining payments we may pass over with the remark that £211 13s. 4d. for contingent expenses seems a large amount, and the chief items of which it consists might have been enumerated with advantage. However, we have said enough to prove that if the sub-committee had managed for the best they could have saved nearly £650. Consequently, instead of a balance (together with the surplus from the former Festival) of £312 odd, they would have had in hand, putting it at the lowest, a clear balance of £900!

This is what might have been. But we have no intention of wallowing over the past; our duty is only to point out to those whom it concerns where the wrong is in what is gone by—how to ameliorate in the future.

Now Sir Julius Benedict proposes, with much good sense and equal generosity, that a "Permanent Reserve Fund" shall be formed, which he himself will start with ten guineas, provided nineteen other gentlemen will come forward with the same sum apiece. These 200 guineas he suggests shall be utilized for the purpose of meeting whatever expenses or losses may be incurred between the Festivals, and he desires that the entire surplus shall be handed over to the charities. It is now too late to carry out the latter portion of this scheme, as it has already been decided to divide only £220 of the balance. But it is evident, from the fact that Sir Julius forwarded us a copy of his letter so late as last Wednesday, that he intends standing by his other proposal, which we have the utmost pleasure in making known to our readers.

The benefit to be derived from such a fund is palpable on the face of it. It will altogether free the Festival from any loss that is not immediately connected with the meeting itself. Its very existence will inspire confidence, without necessarily provoking risky undertakings; for this should be a lasting and separate nucleus of support, increasing to any extent that it may without affecting donations to the Festival proper, and never allowed by its supporters to dwindle far below the original 200 guineas. But there is no reason why loss should be looked upon as inevitable or even probable with the system we have explained above, and, of course, whatever profits accrue from the concerts should be devoted to this fund.

The primary object of its formation—namely, to provide against loss in the requisite "choral concerts and practices" of the Festival

choir—being thus established, there is yet another purpose to which the fund can be devoted that is hardly second in importance to the other. Having every reason to believe that the dimensions of the fund will, immediately it is taken up, extend considerably beyond the limit mentioned, we propose that the sum of 100 guineas should be offered to one of the best composers of the day for an oratorio or grand sacred work which shall be completed and handed over to the committee within twelve months of the date of the ensuing Festival. In these twelve months there will be amply sufficient time for the thorough rehearsal and preparation of the new work. It will be talked of and its merits canvassed in advance, so that, although in fact a novelty when produced at the Festival, there will not hang about it that newness to which the committee complain that the public will not trust themselves; for, no matter what the result of the novelty from a pecuniary point of view, we reiterate more emphatically than ever the necessity for regularly producing new works; and we have no hesitation in adding that if the public feel that at any rate they will have a performance of such excellence as a year's preparation will ensure, half the reluctance that is spoken of will be removed.

For what better purpose, then, can a portion of this Permanent Reserve Fund be utilised, than the purchase of a work that will remove from the Festival the stigma of doing no real service to musical art, and such, indeed, is what the world is beginning to say of our triennial gathering. The sum we have named is by no means too much to offer a composer of high position. These men cannot work for nothing, and they assuredly will not turn their attention to oratorio so long as they can obtain good prices for compositions of a lower order and less troublesome to write. We are convinced that Sir Julius Benedict, who has devoted so much of his valuable time to the production of new works for the Norwich Festival, will be the first to admit the justice of our suggestion, and confirm the use of his proposed fund towards this object. We must now conclude. The artistic success of 1878 may well be repeated in 1881 with the enhanced value that the production of an important novelty would bring. To effect this there is no necessity for us to read over again the lessons of the past. Let us hope the committee know them by heart. But the comments that have been called forth in our present article make it clear that there is yet more reform to be instituted. Sir Julius Benedict has put forth in his excellent letter a proposal which we hail with every feeling of satisfaction, since we see in it the means of avoiding many evils that have hitherto hampered the straightforward progress of inter-Festival affairs. To carry out this idea, we appeal to the president, vice-presidents, committee-men, guarantors, and others interested in our Festival, to come forward in aid of this fund; and we appeal more especially to those who are in any degree responsible in case of financial failure, and who have so long enjoyed complete immunity from any demand on their purses. Let them respond in a manner befitting their respective positions, and there is every reason to hope that, if the suggestions now put before them are duly carried out, a new lease of life will be granted to the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival.

BADEN-BADEN.—Adolf Jensen, the composer, died here on the 24th January, in his 41st year, of a chest complaint from which he had long suffered. Born at Königsberg in 1837, he studied under Eblert and Marburg. After residing at various times in Russia and Denmark, he settled down in 1859 in his native town, and received in 1866 a professorship in Tausig's Conservatory for Pianoforte-playing, a post he retained for two years. He subsequently lived for short periods in Dresden, Graz, and other places. His talent was essentially lyrical; his songs constitute the most valuable part of his compositions, and bear the strongest impress of his own individuality. He also wrote much for the piano, and his Sonata (Op. 25) for that instrument is well known. Equally well-known is his Biblical scene for orchestra: "Der Gang nach Emmaus."

BERLIN.—Mdle Tagliana, the youngest member of the company at the Royal Opera-house, has confirmed, by her Zerlina in *Don Juan* and her Martha in Flotow's opera of the same name, the favourable impression she had previously made. Herr Wachtel was the Lionel in the latter work. Marschner's *Hans Heiling* has been revived after an interval of twelve years. Herr Betz filled the part of the hero, as he did in 1864. Herr Radecke conducted.—M. Emile Sauret has made his first appearance, and achieved an extraordinary triumph. He was a stranger when he began his piece *d'intrata* at the concert in the Singacademie, a short time since, and now he is one of the musical lions of the day. Not only did he completely take the audience by surprise, but he astonished and delighted the critics likewise. Such examples of an artist previously unknown suddenly becoming famous are not frequent in this capital.

## SCHOOL OF MUSIC FOR BRIXTON.

A movement is on foot to establish a School of Music for Brixton and the neighbourhood. The first of a series of chamber concerts took place at 28, Overton Road, on Wednesday evening last, when the following well selected programme of high-class music was performed:—

String Quartet, D minor (F. Schubert)—Messrs Ersfeld, Zimmermann, Murby, and Ould; Romance for the Violin, G major (L. v. Beethoven)—Herr Concertmeister Christ. Ersfeld; Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, D minor (F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy)—Miss Pawle and Messrs Ersfeld and Ould; String Quartet, D major (W. A. Mozart)—Messrs Ersfeld, Zimmermann, Murby, and Ould. There was a large attendance, and the movement is influentially supported. Mr Aug. Zimmermann is the hon. director.

## MUSIC AT SAN REMO.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps a few words on the musical accommodation afforded to visitors in this quiet town may be interesting to some of your readers. To the credit of the management of the Teatro Principe Amadeo be it, that this season we have been treated to the following operas:—*Ernani*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, and *Pipet*. All the work has been well carried out, and, although we have had no star-singer, yet all the artists succeeded in pleasing their audience. The orchestra, and chorus, too, have been satisfactory, and deserve a word of praise, the more so that both are partly composed of natives of San Remo. Every Friday afternoon classical concerts afford a good programme to lovers of Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c., England's share in musical honours being upheld by the well-known amateur, Mr Herbert Leigh Bennett, whose rich barytone voice has been heard several times to great advantage.

Concerts are also held in the Giardino Publico three times a week, with entrance free. Yesterday afternoon a concert was given by Mdle Isidor, a young English artist, who is making a tour in these parts. She pleased her audience much in the final air from *La Sonnambula* and in Cowen's "It was a dream." The former she sang with great effect, being possessed of an exceedingly flexible soprano voice, of pleasing quality and good compass. She appeared at best advantage when singing florid passages, which she accomplished with ease and rapidity. Signor Pome was conductor, and Signor Tagliapietra, violinist. Mr Herbert Sims Reeves was announced to appear, but a telegram was read to the audience announcing his inability to sing from having caught cold.

Trusting you have space in your columns for these remarks, I enclose my card. Yours faithfully,  
San Remo, Jan. 19th, 1879. THROATY.

## WAIFS.

Mdile Mila Rodani is at present in Paris.

The Florentine Quartet have been playing in Vienna.

Signor Bottesini has been playing at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Mary had a little lamb. It was roasted and she wanted more.

M. Emile Sauret, the violinist, has created a sensation in Berlin.

Signor Pallerini's new ballet, *Amor ed Arte*, has failed in Trieste.

The Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Manilla, has been destroyed by fire.

Arthur Henselt, the pianist, died, on the 15th January, at Stralsund.

Signora Emma Wizjak has left the Liceo, Barcelona, and gone to Bucharest.

Mdle Derval, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, is singing at the Liceo, Barcelona.

Signor Bonamici's new opera, *Cleopatra*, is in rehearsal at the Fenice, Venice.

Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* has been produced at the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick.

Mdile Carlotta Patti contemplates making a concert tour through Austria and Hungary.

The first performance of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* at Liège attracted only some 150 persons.

*Lohengrin* will shortly be performed, the first time for a considerable period, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Herr C. Hill, of Schwerin, has received the large Gold Medal for Art and Science from the Emperor of Russia.

Two operas by M. Ambroise Thomas are announced in Naples: *Hamlet* at the San Carlo, and *Mignon* at the Bellini.

Mdme Röske-Lund, the well-known *bravura* singer, has left the stage, and settled as teacher of singing in Stockholm.

The first performance of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, is fixed for to-morrow, the 2nd inst.

Herr F. B. Ulm celebrated in Prague, on the 19th January, his thirtieth anniversary as musical critic of the *Bohemia*.

M. C. Saint-Saëns will commence his grand concert tour through Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, about the 15th inst.

From the 16th October to the 11th January, Mdme Adelina Patti's engagements brought her in 376,000 francs, or about 10,050 pounds sterling.

*L'Africaine* has been performed in Rome. The act of the ship being attended with some mechanical difficulties, was simply cut out altogether.

A new hymn, "An die heilige Birgitta," by Herr L. Normann, was successfully performed for the first time at the last Gürzenich concert, Cologne.

Mr Ernest Howard Wadmore, a brother of the late Mr Wadmore, has entered the Royal Academy of Music, as a vocal student under Mr W. H. Cummings.

Our contemporary, *Il Trovatore*, has been misinformed; *Carmen* was not performed nineteen times at Covent Garden, and, consequently, could not bring in the management there a clear profit of eight thousand pounds.

Mr Charles Hallé, at Saturday's Popular Concert, played Beethoven's sonata in D major (Op. 10) superbly, and (*pace* Von Bülow and his historiographers) without book. This sonata has always been one of Hallé's pets.

The first of the "Student's Evenings" at Trinity College, London, took place on Tuesday last, and an enjoyable performance of instrumental and vocal music was given by the students, assisted by the professors of the college. These meetings are intended to be held fortnightly. The next will be on Tuesday, February 11th, when the diplomas and higher certificates awarded in the recent examinations will be presented, and the exercises of two new Licentiates will be performed under their direction with instrumental accompaniments.

The Popular Concert of Saturday last derived a special interest from the re-appearance of Sir Julius Benedict, after the operation which he has recently undergone for cataract, the result of which has been so thoroughly successful as entirely to restore the powers of vision. Sir Julius was warmly greeted on his entry, and proved his recovered energy by his spirited execution on the pianoforte of the transcribed elaborate orchestral accompaniments to the scena, "Out on this weary listless life" (from his own cantata, *Richard Cœur de Lion*), which was powerfully declaimed by Mr Santley.—*Daily News*.

The number of pupils attending the Conservatory at Stuttgart on the 13th inst. was 676, showing an increase of 13 over last year. Of this number 365 come from the city itself, and 42 from other parts of the kingdom; 66 come from other German States, 130 from various European countries (including Great Britain, Switzerland, Russia, Austria, Roumania, France, Norway, Greece, Spain), 64 from North America, 2 from Australia, and 7 from the East Indies. Of the entire number of pupils, 222, or less than 33 per cent., purpose following music as a profession; 82 of them are lads and young men, and 140 girls. Of this professional total, 222, only 56 belong to Wurtemberg.

An action was tried at the Lewes assizes, brought by Mr. Watts, carrying on a musical business at Brighton under the title of "Cramer and Co.," to recover damages for a libel, which it was alleged had appeared in the *Brighton Daily Post*. The plaintiff had purchased a publication called *The Fashionable Visitors' List*, and had in this publication made attacks on Herr Kuhé and others; and the libel complained of was an article in which it was asserted that the plaintiff had purchased the publication referred to solely for the purpose of using it as a dagger for the assassination of private character. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and gave him a farthing damages. Lord Justice Cotton certified that it was a proper case for costs, and to be tried by a special jury.

MUSICAL DEGREES.—The following diplomas were granted after the recent public examinations at Trinity College, London: Licentiates in Music—C. Francis Lloyd, Mus. B., Oxon., North Shields; Walter H. Palmer, Weston-super-Mare; E. Burritt Lane, Trinity College; W. F. Austin, London; F. R. Greenish, Haverfordwest; Joseph Selby, Nottingham. Associates in Music—Horton Corbett, London; Thomas Deane, London; A. J. Gosden, Alnwick; H.



Halton, Liverpool; Henri C. Hemy, Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. H. Hant, Birkenhead; George Northcott, Trinity College; Henry Piggott, Alton; W. Preston, Leicester; H. W. Stewardson, Bedford; F. W. Wareham, Norwood; Blakeman Welch, Birmingham. The Examiners were Sir John Goss, Mus. D.; Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.; Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus. D.; George M. Garrett, Mus. D.; J. Gordon Saunders, Mus. D.; E. J. Hopkins; Henry Smart; and Henry Farmer.

The opera which M. Paladilhe, so well known by his *Mandolinata*, has brought out at the Opéra-Comique is based upon an old German story of a young lady who follows her lover to the university through a passion for learning, as other young ladies, not through a passion for fighting, have often followed their lovers to the army. Suzanne, the lady in question, at an epoch far anterior to that of the establishment of Girton, enters some college at Cambridge, and to gain admittance is obliged, owing to the prejudices of the time, to put on man's clothes. Her disguise is somehow discovered; and, surrounded by attentions from the undergraduates of the period, she is obliged to take flight. Susan—as the heroine of these adventures may be called in English—next goes upon the stage, where she achieves a brilliant success. Meanwhile, Richard, her lover, without waiting to take his degree, has entered the navy; and he returns from glorious operations in the Indian seas just in time to see the loved one take part in a benefit representation which “brings down the house.” Lord Dalton has just made her an offer of marriage. But it is explained to him that Captain Richard has prior claims; and like a true gentleman, he retires in favour of his more fortunate rival.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 4, 1879.

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"We quite agree with the author of this book that a very decided line should be drawn between pianoforte 'studies' and pianoforte 'exercises'; for it is only by a vigorous practice of mere finger-work that true mechanism can be obtained; and to hope to play any of the studies of the great masters, therefore, before the hand has been properly trained by 'exercises' is manifestly absurd, for it is beginning at the wrong end. Mr. Sloper truly observes, 'no one should attempt Moscheles's Chromatic Study (No. 3 of Book I.) who has not thoroughly mastered the simple chromatic scale, nor, to take an easier instance, hope, by practising Heller's First Study, Op. 46, to obtain the evenness of touch and clearness of articulation which only a steadfast adherence to five-finger exercises can give.' To those who believe in the truth of these remarks, the book before us will prove of the utmost value. The author modestly says: 'I shall be glad and flattered if it meets with the approbation of my professional brethren,' and we can scarcely doubt that his hope will be realised; for, although pianists do not always agree as to the method of fingering certain passages, the broad principles are sufficiently recognized, and it is good that pupils, in the absence of the master, should have so systematic a work to refer to. We are glad to find that Mr. Sloper recommends the practice of what may be termed the 'harmonic' as well as the 'melodic' minor scale."—*Musical Times*.

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